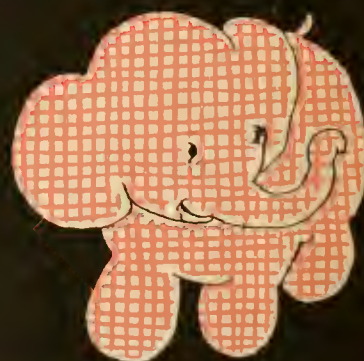
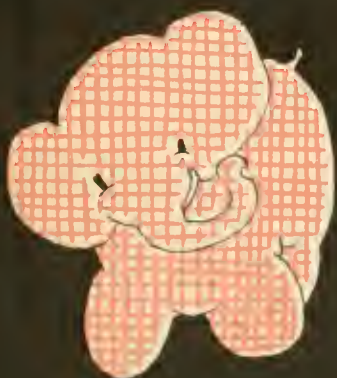
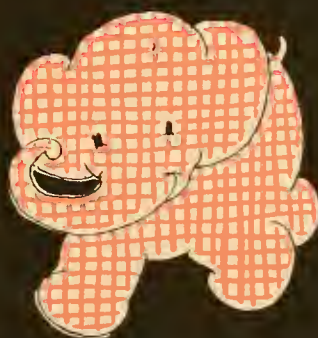
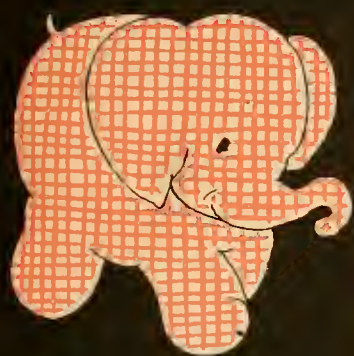



PINKY PUP
AND THE
EMPTY ELEPHANT



THIS IS A VOLLAND BOOK







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PINKY PUP
AND THE
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PINKY PUP AND THE EMPTY ELEPHANT

Written by DIXIE WILLSON
Illustrated by ERICK BERRY



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THE FIRST PART OF THE STORY

Once—one time—by a gate in a park was a little green wagon with whistles and wheels, where a little fat lady sat by and popped pop-corn. She wore a red hat over one of her eyes and her hair in a twist, and she had a face like an apple and red pretty stockings and ears standing sideways, and she was as kind as you ever saw anyone.

Once—one time—a little, short, plump, cute, snuppy-uppy puppy who was white and soft and just the size to cuddle was very, very, very, very, *very* lone and lonesome. So he went out walking in the park to find himself some company.

There are some babies who just *have* to be held on a lap to be happy—and there's no use talking—a lap is one of the cosiest places in town. Children babies may be *most* fond of laps to cuddle in, but I notice that kitten babies and puppy babies like them very well too, and that was exactly what this short, plump, cute, little snuppy-uppy puppy started out to find—somebody's lap to cuddle in.

Of course as long as he was just the *size* to cuddle, he naturally thought there'd be someone glad to cuddle him, so he went trotty-ot-trot along the walk, looking at everyone loving as could be, but, would you believe it? only *one* person looked lovingly back at him, and that was the kind looking pop-corn lady.

“Now bless me, he's pretty,” she said to herself, and bless me he *was*—but as she said it to *herself* instead of to *him*, he went right along looking and didn't know she was even thinking about him at all.



It was Sunday afternoon and everybody in the world had on a fancy hat except Puppy-up. The men had silk ones, the ladies had feather ones, but poor little Puppy hadn't any on at all. At first he didn't notice it, but after he had met two hundred and eleven people who didn't say even one "How-do-you-do" to him once, he began to wonder why, when they so often said a lot to each *other*, they never said anything at all to *him*—then he noticed about the hats, so he decided that must be what made the difference.

Now Puppy-up had an uncle whose name was Uncle Pup. He once had been a dog in a great fine show, with a nice red suit, and a pony to ride, and a beautiful, shiny, black, tall silk hat. So when Puppy-up noticed about the hats, he ran home again as quick as he could and borrowed his Uncle's black, tall, silk hat, and started out walking again.

And say now, really, you wouldn't half suppose what a difference a hat can make in anybody.

When Puppy came back with no difference but a hat, would you believe it? all those folks who hadn't even noticed him before, just crowded past each other now to pay him some attention! That was delightful, wasn't it? By the gate the little, fat pop-corn lady saw him and smiled too.

"Now bless me, he's clever," she said to herself, and bless me he *was*, but somehow nobody invited him into their laps even if he *was*.

That same afternoon two more dogs had come out to walk in the park, and so after Puppy-up put on his hat and started everyone to fussing about him, the first of the other dogs heard about it, so he hunted up the second of the other dogs by the fountain somewhere, and he said—

"Do you know why it is we're not getting any candy or pop-corn today? It's because some young puppy has come in the park with a high hat on to take all the attention!"

Then the second dog woke up pretty quick.

“So *that's* it,” he sniffed. “Well, I have a high hat myself! I'll soon see about this.”

So as fast as he could scoot he went home after it.

And if you can't guess who he was, I'll tell you. He was Uncle going after the very hat Puppy-up had borrowed, because you see Uncle hadn't been home when Puppy had borrowed the hat. He'd just borrowed it without asking, which is never a good way to do anything, ever.

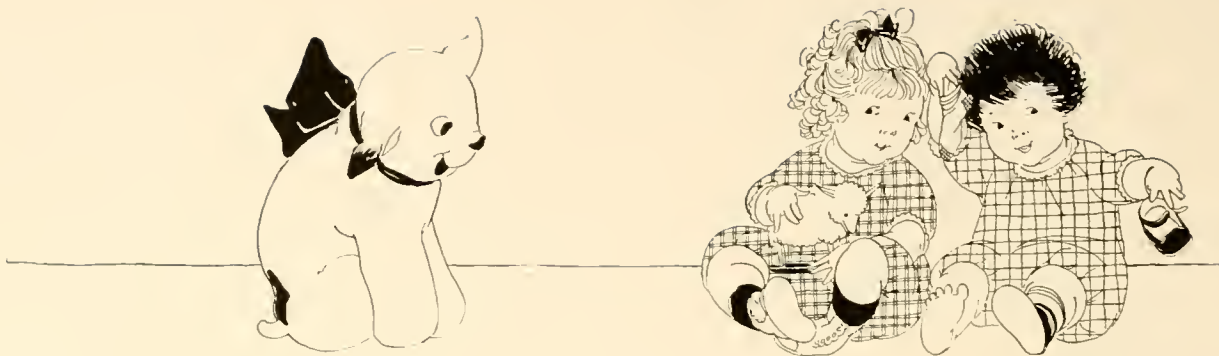
Well then, of course, when Uncle found the hat gone, he knew right away that the dog in the park was no other dog than his young puppy nephew. So even faster than Uncle had *come*—he went *back* again, and sure enough—there was Puppy-up with the tall hat on right in the midst of twelve ladies and gentlemen who were feeding him fancy with ice cream and everything.

Well, Uncle just forgot how *every* body makes mistakes sometimes, and he took away that hat—like *that*——and bit Puppy's ear till eight tears came! So that wasn't nice!

By the gate the fat, little pop-corn lady saw it all and a tear came up in her heart.

“Bless me, he's lonesome,” she said to herself. And bless me he *was*! I don't really know anybody who ever needed comfort more than Puppy did that minute, when all he could do was to sit down by a tree all alone with his ear hurt, and wonder and wonder why things are so sorrowful!





THE SECOND PART OF THE STORY

He sat all alone like that for quite a while, with tears in his eyes just as sad as could be, and then it suddenly occurred to him that after all, the folks who wear high hats aren't the ones people cuddle! It's the folks who wear pink-checkered rompers and little white bonnets who are always cuddled *always*—

“So *ho!*” said Puppy. “So that's it! I'll get back home and find me some cuddle clothes. *That's* what I'll do!”

So his little legs just scooted home, I tell you! He passed the pop-corn lady at the gate.

“Bless me, he runs!” she said to herself. And bless me he *did*!

Home was quite empty for Sunday. Mr. Father and Mrs. Mother and Miss Virginia Big Sister had gone riding, the cook had gone to church, and Nurse had taken the baby out, which was all the *people*; and Uncle was in the park with his hat on, and Laddie had gone off with the milk man, which was all the *dogs*.

So home was quite empty for Sunday, and when Puppy-up came looking for cuddle clothes, he really didn't know whether he was going to find any or not! But he made up his mind that he would if there *were* any, and he looked and he looked and he looked without stopping.

He looked in the attic but the trunks were all shut. He looked in Virginia's room and in Mrs. Mother's room, and in Mr. Father's room, but all he found was shoes,



which might have done, if he could have found four alike instead of just two, but shoes weren't cuddle clothes either, and he *did* begin to wonder what to do, when all of a sudden he remembered where to look! In the nursery! He ran up the stairs as fast as his four fat puppy legs would carry him. And there he saw the very right thing—a pair of pink rompers! All checkered and clean and ready for Monday!

Well, it didn't take him long to get them yanked down, *I* tell you, and it didn't take him long to squirm his little self inside them, and oh *my!* but he hurried back to the park to catch some more attention!

That is I mean he *tried* to hurry, but the trouble was he

couldn't—because the rompers were so long for him that his feet were lost most all the while, and—well, he fell down and he picked himself up again eighty-one times, *really*, and *then*—well it took him so long that when he got back to the park Sunday afternoon was gone, and Sunday evening was gone, and all the people had gone home except just two. Now two aren't many when you're dressed up and hungry.



The big man, who locked the gate and swept the sidewalks, was left and so was the little lady with the pop-corn wagon, and they were so busy by the outsidest gate—way, way, way in the outsidest corner—that how could *they* know he came in? Well, they couldn't!

So Puppy, all dressed up for nothing and nobody, looked around and around that great, big, empty park, and I guess he felt just about like one little star all alone in a sky, and he couldn't think of a *thing* he could *do*—but sit down on the grass and be sorry for himself, which is something nobody should ever do *ever*.

And while he was doing it, what do you think? Well, I suppose you can guess.

Why yes.

Yes of course.

That was it. The gate man locked all the gates!



THE THIRD PART OF THE STORY

Inside of parks when the gates shut at midnight lots of things happen that nobody knows, and I'll tell you the reason that nobody knows—because gates shut on purpose to keep people out, so of course when everybody's *out*, who can know what happens *in*? Why, of course—nobody.

But this night somebody *did* know, and I'll tell you how. Because it was summer and lovely and moonlight and everything the pop-corn lady just sort of wanted to stay all night in the park like a tree or a bird, so the gate-man let her, because they were friends, and fixed a nice bench for her.

So after while it was one o'clock.

Now one of the things that happens at night in the dark is that folks get cold, and of course Puppy-up locked *out* of home and *into* the park and so very, very, very, very lonesome to begin with, got *extra* cold even. But just when he was sure no one in the whole, wide world had ever been as lonesome, right there by his nose on the grass he sniffed pop-corn! He gobbled one grain, and then there was another—a real little trail of them leading across the grass where someone had spilled them from pockets or something! So he ate them and stumbled along in his rompers and of course where they led him was straight to the fat pop-corn lady asleep on the bench! And *she* was so warm and *he* was so cold and the night was so dark and his heart was so lonesome that he just forgot manners and everything, and with one puppy jump, he jumped right up beside her, and then right into the place where her lap would have been if she'd been sitting in a rocking chair.



“Poof!” she squealed like a little baked apple a-busting its skin!

And when Puppy-up saw her round eyes, and her hair in a twister, he backed himself off and he ran like a tumble weed, and she came tumbling after him!

He looked back at her and she looked at him, and just where they were tumbling *they* didn't know—but when *you* know you'll laugh, 'cause they tumbled right into the monkey cage for it was one o'clock and the monkeys were out visiting.

Well, when these two came tumbling in, the door thought it was the monkeys come home again, so it shut itself and locked itself, and there were the two of them. Each had caught the other and his own self, too!

“Well, *now* you've done it,” he sniffed. “Now you can stay here and be a monkey.”

“*I’ve* done it,” she sputtered all out of breath—“*I’ve* done it!”

“You certainly did,” sniffed Puppy. “Why did you ‘poof’ at me!”

“Well, why do you go around like half a dog and half a baby then, so people don’t know *what* you are?” she asked him—which was quite a fair question after all. I think I’d almost “poof” at a dog in pink rompers at night in the dark my *own* self even.

But before they had any more chance to talk about it—what do you guess? Why along by the fountain and up the big sidewalk and past the red flowers—why the monkeys, with a lot of picked-up nuts and fruit were coming home again!

Of course they expected to go right in their house, but when they saw what was in it already they thought they never had found anything so funny.

The five of them sat on a bench and they laughed till their tummies ached!





THE FOURTH PART OF THE STORY

So the monkeys looked at Puppy and the lady—and the lady and Puppy looked at the monkeys.

“A big monkey and a little one,” the monkeys laughed. “Well, well, let’s see the tricks they do. Let’s see the tricks *you* do, big monkey?”

Well, of course, would the pop-corn lady let monkeys think for a minute that she couldn’t do tricks? I should say not—so she swung upside down on the hoop in the middle, and walked on her hands with her red stockings showing, and swung in the swing by one foot till I tell you those monks were so pleased that she bowed twenty times or more!

“Now the *little* monkey do tricks,” they cried—“The little monkey with the checkered suit of clothes.”

Well now, Puppy-up could do plenty. He could walk on his hind feet, and dance with his tail in his mouth, and turn seven somersaults forwards and backwards, so he tried first one and then another, but with his feet tangled up in those rompers too big for him, you’ll know in a minute he couldn’t do *anything*!

“Well, he’s the worst monkey we ever *did* see,” the five monkeys said. “He doesn’t deserve to be in a monkey cage at all. Pull him out!”

So they caught his little two paws, and they would really have pulled him right out squeezing through the bars, which my goodness! would have black-and-blued him terribly, and I tell you he was as scared as any little dog *you* ever saw—and then—well, who do you think saved him? Why, the very pop-corn lady!

“Let go!” she cried—“Let *go* of him now! He does wonderful tricks—when his clothes only fit him! I’ll cut them all over the right size and show you, and out of what’s left I’ll make something for all of you!”

Well, that sounded interesting, so the monkeys let go, and all gathered around while she took scissors and needles out of her pocket, and got ready to sew—but there still was one trouble. It was really too dark to sew with all the park lights out. She looked all around for a light—all around—but in all the world the only light she saw that was lit just then was the moon.

That looked all right however—nice and bright and warm and pleasant—so she asked if she might have it just a little closer, please, and the white-nosed monkey who was very polite and obliging swung up a tall tree, to the top of the fountain, and up the flag pole and brought down the moon, and held it like a lantern by the corner of the cage.

So the white-nosed monkey held the light, and the bald little monkey held scissors—the long-eared monkey held pins—the monkey with whiskers gave advice—and the biggest monkey of all got out a pile of peanuts and cracked them to pass around when the sewing was being done.

And she cut and she sewed and she fitted and basted, and in twenty minutes by the clock (if they'd had one) young Puppy had the neatest, sweetest suit you ever saw, with legs, tail and ears and a tummie and everything, and even a slip for his little red tongue, and out of the scraps every one of those monkeys was fitted up nice with a gingham cravat! Why, they all were so pleased they were happy *entirely!* But the nicest of all, I think, was for Puppy, because the minute she looked at him all pink and finished, the little fat lady just smoothed off her lap—and snatched him right up to be cuddled and dumped till his lonesome and lone was as gone as last Christmas!

So what had begun as quite a fuss ended up happily for everyone. What do you think of that? You can imagine *yourself* how nice it was—a warm summer night with the moon for a lantern—the tall trees around, and the fountain just singing, and five little monks in their little cravats—and a nice puppy-up in a pink suit of checkers, and one little lady with smiles and red stockings—all eating their peanuts and apples together.



EMPTY ELEPHANT



THE EMPTY ELEPHANT

TRADE MARK



IN the late afternoon of a bright summer's day, on a green road in the country, somebody was traveling, and the reason somebody was traveling was to find a place to eat. There was a very good reason why somebody wanted a place to eat, and the good reason was because somebody was hungry. He'd come walking clear from Siam, and no matter who you are or where you are, if you've come walking clear from Siam you've come

you are bound

In fact he was

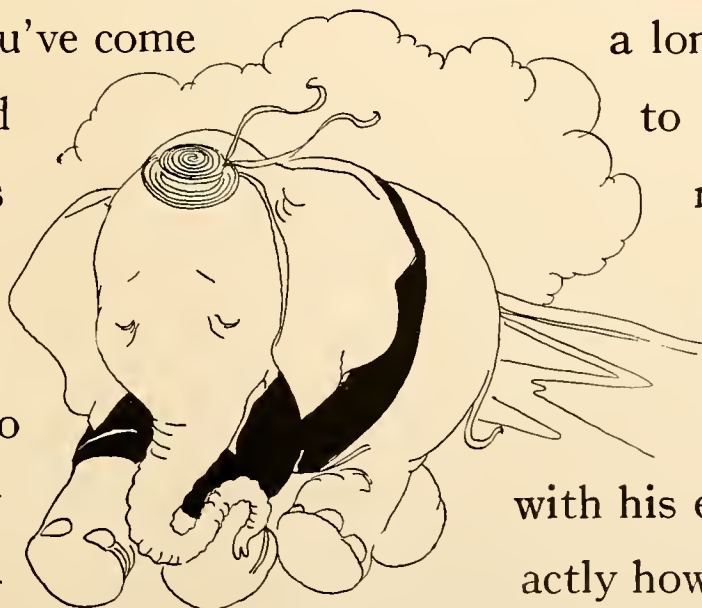
hungry. He

every inch of

empty and so

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a long way and

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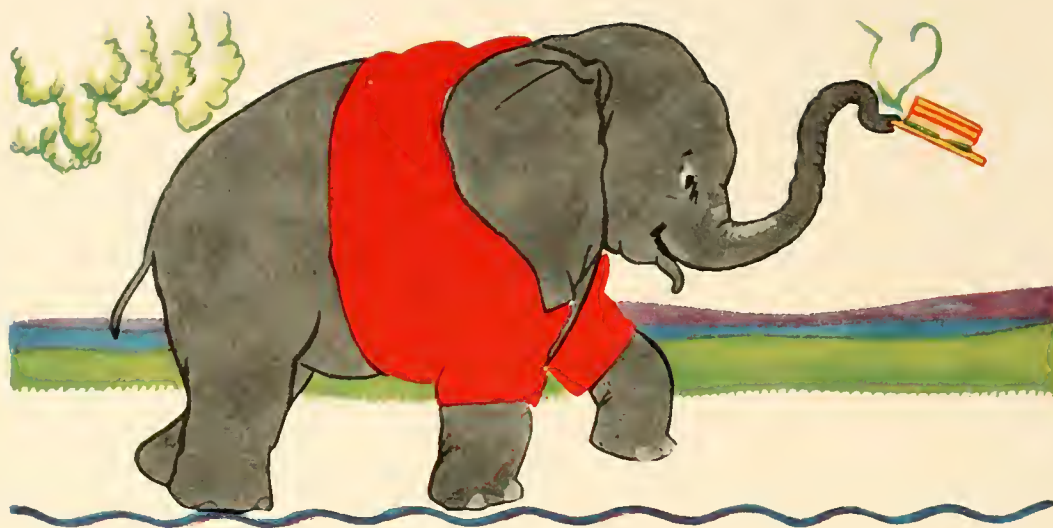
was empty

him. So

hungry, he

with his eyes shut—

actly how he looked.



Yes—an elephant! His name was Babe, and he was eight feet tall, and he wore a red coat round his great big tummy, and a little straw hat with a rubber round his chin. And that was all the clothes he wore, a coat and a hat and a rubber. It was nice to be so big and tall, only for one thing. It takes so much to fill you up when you're hungry, and that was the *very* reason Babe had come from Siam—to find enough to fill him if he could.

So he was walking, walking down the road as empty as the inside of a doughnut, when up the path ahead of him he



saw somebody coming. It was Mr. Dobbs, one of Babe's old friends. They met each other one time in a circus tent—and here came Mr. Dobbs!

“Well, Mr. *Dobbs!*” Babe said, “how-de-do!”

“Well, *Babe,*” Mr. Dobbs said, “how you surprise me! And where are you going, and where did you come from!”

“From Siam,” Babe told him, “I’m starting out to fill my empty self up, because I’m so big that all my life I’ve been hungry.”

“Well,” Mr. Dobbs said, “I think I’ll go with you. I’m just going nowhere and sometimes I get lonesome, so I’ll come along and help find enough to fill you.”

Mr. Dobbs was a nice fellow. He wore a long coat made of black and white checkers, and a red vest, and a big spotted necktie. But the really queer thing was his hat.

He wore two. One little brown hat way down over his ears, and one stove-pipe hat like a man going to the opera. Of course, that wasn’t so funny just by itself, because anybody can wear two hats if he wishes, but the funny part of it was that never in all his life, since anybody knew him, had he taken off that brown hat that was down around his ears.

How polite he was with his opera hat—tipped it to ladies and all of that, but he never, never, *never* took that inside brown hat off!

But it isn't so easy to find enough food for an elephant so the next day Babe and Mr. Dobbs were still walking down the road and they'd almost given up, they had, when right by the side of the road, tucked under a tree like little things that grow under trees on purpose, was a little house with a little smoking chimney! And that wasn't the best—it had a little door, too, and even that wasn't the best, because better even than the house or the chimney or the door, was the someone standing by the door—a little cook with a white apron on. What do you think of that!

You can see she wasn't as old as some cooks because she was only ten, and, of course, cooks can be *much* more than ten if they want to be. However ten is plenty old enough to cook *some* things, and of course *some* things are plenty. Nobody needs *every* thing no matter how hungry one is.

Well, when Mr. Dobbs saw Little Cook there in the little doorway of the house by the tree, with an apron on and a



cook's cap on and a spoon in her hand and a smile on her face, he was so pleased and excited that he just grabbed Babe by his coat and started running!

"Look ahead, Empty Elephant!" he said, "there's a tree with a cook standing under it, and a house behind her that's sure to have food in it!"

Well, Little Cook had been out by her door watching the sunrise, and here all of a sudden instead of the sunrise, into her yard comes an elephant with a red coat, and a man with two hats on! That would surprise anybody, wouldn't it?

"Oh, my goodness!" she said, and stepped right back into her little house backwards.

So Mr. Dobbs said to Babe, "now Babe, you see she's afraid of you. You're too big. You stay out here and I'll go in to breakfast."

That was a good plan in one way, because Babe was a

foot bigger than the house (as you can see by the picture) and so of course since he was bigger than the house, it was a better plan for him to stay out than to try to go in, but it wasn't such a good plan in another way, because Babe was really so awfully, terribly, dreadfully hungry that he just simply had to eat!

Well, when Mr. Dobbs caught sight of a little table in the house, and a pile of nice bread and butter all piled up on it, he forgot all about Babe and walked right in the house and shut the door behind him!

And then Little Cook put two chairs at the table, and two pots of apple-sauce, and two glasses of milk, and Mr. Dobbs sat down, and Little Cook sat down, and the party lasted fifteen minutes.

Now, fifteen minutes doesn't seem very long, but fifteen minutes is enough for a great deal to happen in, just the same.



Of course all those fifteen minutes Mr. Dobbs supposed that Babe, like a good elephant, had just waited outside, touching nothing at all—but instead—well when Babe got one look at the vegetable garden—you can imagine what happened to the beans and the cabbage. But where the very last cabbage grew was under the window, so when Babe's big, long trunk reached past the window, to pick off that cabbage, and gobble it up—well, Mr. Dobbs saw it!

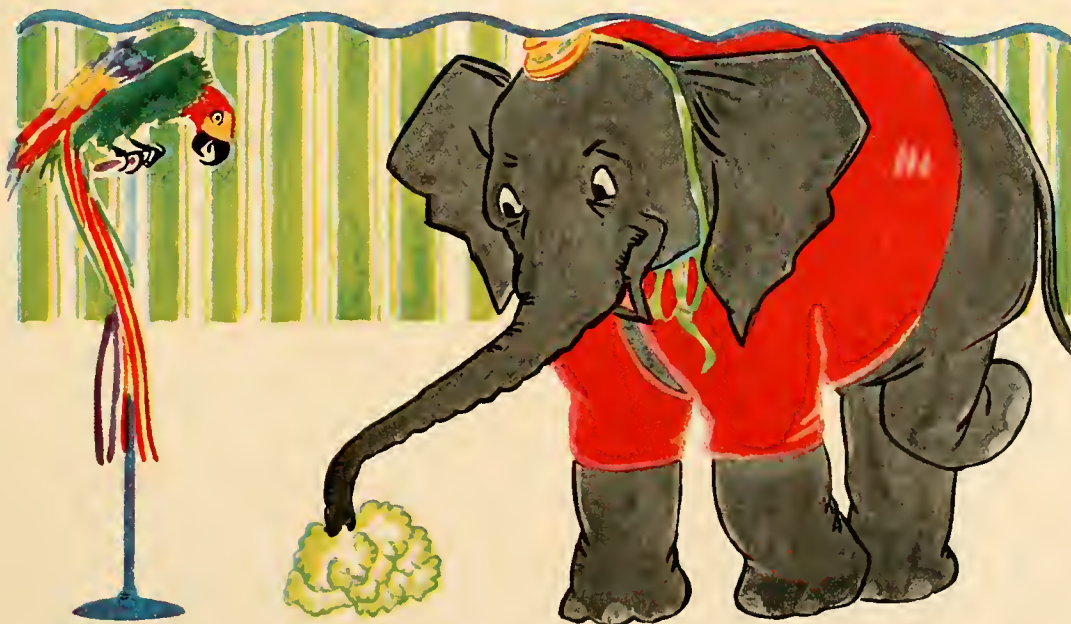


E.B.

“My goodness, Cookie,” he said suddenly, “I just thought of something. Have you anything outside that my friend could spoil for you?”

“Well, I should say so,” Little Cook told him in a hurry. “If anybody spoils my garden they’ll have to pay me ten round dollars.”

Mr. Dobbs put down his bread and butter and got to the door with one step and a half. Because when it came to



paying ten round dollars, he knew *one* thing and that was if *anybody* had to pay ten round dollars, Mr. Dobbs knew it would be Mr. Dobbs. He reached for the door and he got outside in a hurry and——well, you can guess what was left of the garden! My Goodness! Just nothing!!!! And here's something else——all that was left of BABE was NOTHING too! Yes, sir—just nothing. And that was one time when a parrot was handy.

Did I forget to tell you Cookie had a parrot? Well, anyway she did—a nice green parrot on a high red pole.

“Your elephant went down that way,” the parrot squawked, and pointed with one foot. “He said he was empty, and going for food. He said Cookie's garden was just a beginning.”

“Oh my,” Mr. Dobbs said in his mind to himself. “He'll eat everything everywhere—I must stop him.” So, *whee*—

out the door ran Mr. Dobbs, and away down the road with his long checkered coat-tails like sails out behind him.

“I’ll go back tomorrow and thank Little Cook for the party,” he said to himself as he ran, but so she’d understand that he wasn’t *too* rude, he called back over his shoulder, “I’ll be back tomorrow or next day. Take care of my hat.”

You see in his hurry, he’d left his high hat, and that was too bad, because he did look so well in it.

Now Cookie, who was fussing around at the table, hadn’t paid much attention at all, until she heard a voice coming from way down the road, but the voice had come so far, that only the last two words were left. “My hat,” she heard, and that was all. She started up, and looked around, and there sure enough was Mr. Dobb’s hat. Of course she thought he was calling for it, so, *whee*, with his hat, she was out the door after him, and the nice thing about that was she went so fast she didn’t see her spoiled garden at all!



Down the road they went, Babe first, swinging along just as fast as he could, Mr. Dobbs running after, with checkered coat-tails and Little Cook last, with the high opera hat!

My goodness! an elephant can certainly run! Mr. Dobbs ran as fast as a horse and wagon, and Cookie as fast as a little red bicycle! But would you believe it, Babe got four miles ahead of them just the same!

My, but it was fun! Babe wished all the elephants he

knew could see him! He remembered when he was learning his tricks in the circus some of his friends said he was heavy on his feet. Well, there was nothing heavy about his feet today!

Of course it is very nice to be a good runner, but you know how hungry it makes you to run a long, long way—and poor old Babe was empty when he started.

“My goodness,” he said to himself when he got to thinking about it. “If I don’t find something soon I’ll have to eat my nice red coat, and that would really be a pity, because it is so stylish.”

Then he thought of his straw hat with the rubber that went under his chin, but he wasn’t betting anybody, so of course he couldn’t eat his hat. Then he wished he knew more about geography. If he knew where peanuts grew he could run that way—and along the long road, with the trees going by, Babe lolloped ’till all of a sudden, up came a Town!

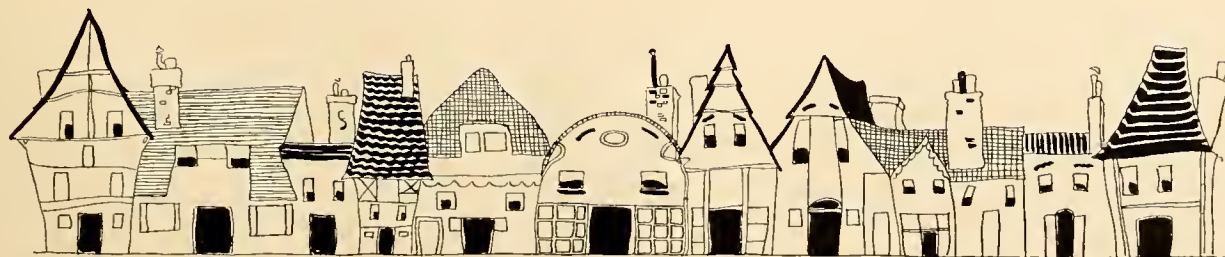
A little white Town, full of little white houses with little red roofs. A street full of stores and the stores full of eating. Twelve stores in a row, full of bread, cake and candy! Here are the stores and store-keepers! all standing up for their picture. Little people walking around and groceries put out and everything, and that's how nice the Town looked when Empty Elephant came down the road. But a street full of food and an empty elephant—well, the story will have to stop now while a few things happen that are too exciting to tell about! So here for the rest of the page is the story stopping.



Now fifteen minutes have gone, and you can see what has happened.

You can't see the people, because they have all gone into their stores. You can imagine how quickly *you* would go into *your* store, if all of a sudden an elephant came lolloping by. You can't see Babe, because he is behind the grocery store, eating sweet corn, and you can't see anything in the street any more, like the fruit or the bread or the groceries, because Babe has eaten every single thing in sight.

Goodness knows what else might have happened, but at last down the road came Mr. Dobbs, panting, with coat



tails a-flying after running four miles like a horse and a wagon! He stopped in the street, and looked this way and that, and then, hiding in the grocer's potato basket, he saw one of the little men of the Town!

“Has an elephant been this way?” Mr. Dobbs asked, excitedly. Well, the street was so quiet that everyone heard him, and from windows and doors upstairs and downstairs, heads began popping out.

“*Has an elephant!*” they cried all together, “an elephant certainly *has!*” Then out they came, the cake-man and bread-man and grocer. “Just look at our stores,” they all cried. And it *was* the saddest little Town you ever saw. Now Mr. Dobbs had a wonderful heart. When he saw how Babe had spoiled that little Town, he forgot how far he'd run, and how tired he was and everything, and he made up his mind right then and right there that he would make that Town smile again if it was the last thing he ever did.

HOW SIR DA



“You people just wait,” he said, “I’m going to surprise you.” The truth was he didn’t have the least idea what he was going to do, but he knew that first of all he had to find Babe. So the people all waited, and off went Mr. Dobbs.

Well, an elephant in a little Town isn’t very hard to find, and it really wasn’t more than a minute until Mr. Dobbs found Babe behind the grocery.

“Well, Babe, you’re a nice one,” said Mr. Dobbs. “Look what you’ve done to this Town!”

Babe put down the sweet corn and looked at his friend. “Now, say, Mr. Dobbs,” he said. “How can you blame me? I didn’t choose the size of my skin, and what can I do when I’m empty? A *fly* has a skin that holds one drop of sugar and he’s full. *You* have a skin that holds two potatoes and a fried egg and *you’re* full. But *my* skin is so big that I am always empty, and what can I do? I ask you what can I do?”

“Well,” Mr. Dobbs said, “there’s *one* thing you can do. You can at least leave their sweet corn alone, and come out in Main Street and give a free show.”

“A show!” Well, really would you believe it, Babe hadn’t done tricks for so long, he’d forgotten he could! He’d forgotten the fun of the flags, and the music, and forgotten the fun of the people all clapping their hands, and forgotten the fun of waltzing on one foot, and standing on tubs!

He put down the sweet corn and looked at Mr. Dobbs. “You’re right! I *could* give a free show,” he said. “Go put up some flags while I practice a little.”

So back to the street Mr. Dobbs went a-smiling.

“Put up all your flags for the circus,” he cried. “It won’t cost a thing, and it’s going to be great! The elephant dances, and I walk the tight-rope, and all of it is free, in your very own Main Street.”



So here are three things to look at: First, all the people, how pleased they are. Second, Babe out back of the grocery store, practicing. Third, Little Cook, running like a little red bicycle, catching up just in time to bring Mr. Dobbs' opera hat to make the show look right. So now the story will stop for fifteen minutes more.



Well, that fifteen minutes wasn't long—and look at the town! My goodness how pretty. The flags all hung up, and the men with Sunday coats on, and the Big Ring all ready for the show. Little Cook playing the piano, with plumes in her hair, and Babe—well, here's Babe—all fixed up with roses!



So round the Ring, all the people sat down, and Miss Little Cook played, Mr. Dobbs made a bow, and, dancing on two feet, here came Babe. Well, didn't they cheer!! They cheered so loud that one mile away a farmer heard them and got his horse, and started to town.

Now there's really nothing smarter than a nice smart elephant. They don't say much, in fact I know quite a few elephants who say nothing at all. But they don't need to say much, to be mighty smart.

Babe really did things you could hardly do yourself. The first thing he did for instance was play ball with his nose. While Little Cook made music, Babe and Mr. Dobbs played

ball with their noses and all the folks cheered, and Babe bowed and he bowed, then he took Mr. Dobbs on his trunk just like nothing, and danced on two feet on the grocer's green barrel. My, it was thrilling!

And it might have gone on for weeks and weeks, but something happened. A little fat lady had come to the show and left her beans baking. While the next trick was on,—which was Babe, doing nothing and Mr. Dobbs dancing tight-rope—Babe sniffed those beans cooking!! He put up his nose, and sniffed and sniffed, and then right in the



show, he got up and started past the people towards the house where the beans were baking.

“Oh!” cried the fat lady, “he’s after my beans!”

Mr. Dobbs from the tight-rope, looked down then and saw him. “Now Babe,” he called out, and Little Cook stopped the piano to look, “mind your p’s and your q’s.”

“Well,” Babe said. “All I know is that I still am empty. Goodbye!”



So then Mr. Dobbs saw that something really had to be done, and he dropped off of the tight-rope and went to his friend Empty Elephant, just like a big brother, while the people all sat still and watched them and waited.

“Now listen, Babe,” Mr. Dobbs said. “We’ve found a nice town where all the people like us, so why can’t we just behave and stay here? If your skin is so big that you’re empty, there’s only one thing to do. We’ll just have to make your skin smaller instead of trying to fill it.”



Babe was really quite obliging. He didn't enjoy being always empty, so this seemed to him like a very good plan.

"All right then," he said, "if you *can*—go ahead."

Mr. Dobbs turned to the people who had been waiting with all their ears and eyes and called out for scissors and good strong thread. The grocer's wife brought them out of her pocket and they all gathered round while Mr. Dobbs stood on a barrel, and sewed up a seam in Babe's skin. He took quite a seam—you can see for yourself. Here Babe is much smaller and really neater, don't you think so? About as big as a Pony, I should say.

It was fun for Babe to be little and cute. He laughed at himself and began feeling frisky. Then Little Cook made his red coat smaller too, and everyone stood off and thought him a darling. But the only thing was, with all the size smaller, Babe *still* felt too empty. He sniffed at those beans, and he felt himself running.

“Oh Mr. Dobbs, make me smaller,” he whispered, “before I get us in trouble again.”

So Mr. Dobbs threaded the needle and went to work seaming as fast as he could. This time he sewed more than he really intended, and when he was done Babe was quite little. Well, here you can see. He’s just like a puppy, and ten times as cute as a big elephant I think. The children all squeezed through the crowd, and sat down around him and loved him so much, Babe was really embarrassed.

Little Cook and Mr. Dobbs were just awfully pleased. They stood arm-in-arm and watched everyone making such a fuss over Babe, and decided then and there that the three of them would just move into a little white house and be a nice family. But all of a sudden, with tears in his eyes, Babe looked at them both.

“Please forgive me, but I’m still empty,” he sniffed, in a sobby elephant way.

“Dear me,” Little Cook said. “I never *heard* of such a thing. For goodness sake let’s try and find enough of something to fill the poor child up!”

“Well, there’s no more *food* in town,” Mr. Dobbs said, “and the only other thing *I* know to stuff things with, is cotton. Has anybody any of that?”

Well, of course, everybody was interested now, and listening close, in a ring all around them.

“Yes, I have some cotton,” one nice blue-calico lady said, excitedly. “I’ll get all I have!” So plinkety-plink she went running to her house, and upstairs to her dresser drawer, and plinkety-plink back again with the cotton. And maybe you think Babe wasn’t glad that at last he wasn’t going to be empty any more!

But cotton is soft. It takes more than you think, and even that lap full was not quite enough.



“Make me smaller then,” Babe said. “Just go on and fix me. I don’t care about the size, if only I’m not empty.”

So Mr. Dobbs took in seams and Little Cook stuffed in cotton, and the people all watched and in exactly ten minutes there Babe was all finished, and for the first time in all his life he wasn’t empty, and you never, never, *never* saw anything so sweet!

First the people cheered! Then they all hugged him, and had a parade with little Babe in the lead.

And I’ve heard it said by someone who knows them all—Mr. Dobbs, and Little Cook and Babe—that they lived in their little house happily ever after, for Babe never was empty again.

